HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY

Children's Crusade

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

SYMPHONY HALL, Boston

Monday Evening, October 31, 1938

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Season

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

124th Season

1938-1939

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Concert 872

The Children's Crusade

GABRIEL PIERNE

Under the Auspices of
NEW ENGLAND WOMEN'S COMMITTEES
OF THE
NATIONAL CATHEDRAL ASSOCIATION

Symphony Hall, Boston

Monday Evening, October 31

at 8:30

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THE CATHEDRAL IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Gilbert Chesterton once said: "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult, and not tried."

This tragic era through which we are now passing is making Chesterton's phrase more pertinent and suggestive. Our boasted Christian civilization, if it is to be maintained in the face of forces that are seeking to destroy it, must take on more of Christian character. A leading industrialist asked me to speak at a large meeting at his home, and he gave me as a theme, "The Cathedral in a time of crisis." He was doubtless thinking of the essential place that religion occupies in the scheme of life.

In no place in America is it so necessary to stress the high claims of the Christian religion as in the Capital of the Republic. Here the laws are made that govern and determine the destiny of the Republic. We need to be reminded that laws without ideals are impotent and inoperative. The Federal Government has, in these latter years, made the capital, so far as its physical beauty is concerned, the finest in the world. The visitor to Washington is deeply stirred by that which witnesses to the material greatness of America. Many years ago Henry James, visiting the capital, declared that there was little in it that made evident the spiritual ideals of the Republic.

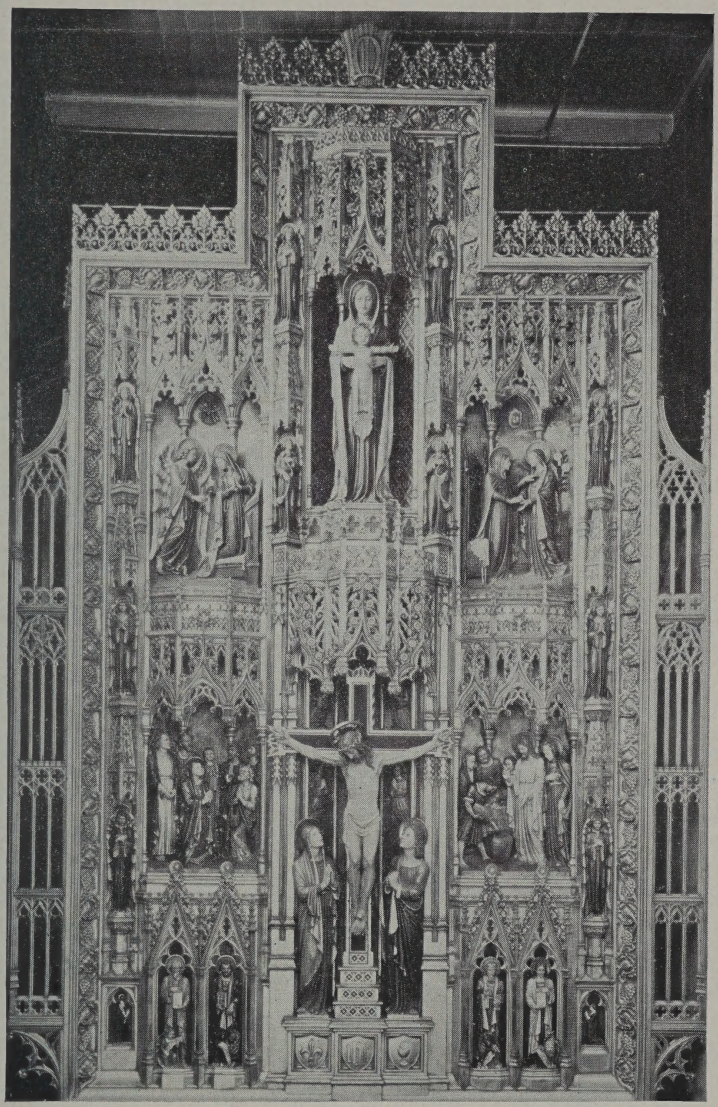
Bishop Satterlee, the first Bishop of Washington, began the work of planning for a great Cathedral that should stand on the highest elevation in that city, and with statesmanlike vision he called to his aid two of the greatest Cathedral builders in the modern world—Bodley of England and Vaughan of America—and with them he executed plans for the erection of the great House of God that should witness to all the world that America is a Christian nation. These more recent years have made the claims of this rising Cathedral more imperative than when Bishop Satterlee conceived it. With but two-fifths of the structure complete, (the Great Choir, Crossing and North Transept, seating three thousand for services), the Cathedral has come to occupy a commanding place in the life of the capital, and, to use Bishop Manning's phrase, it has become "the parish Church of all America."

Unfinished as it is, it draws to it week by week thousands of visitors, an average of 250,000 pilgrims a year. If, within its walls no voice of prophet were heard, silent though it be, it would serve as an eloquent witness to what in our better hours we believe this America of ours must be.

I am deeply grateful to the Boston Cathedral Committee and to the many friends in Massachusetts for the generous demonstrations of their interest in a work that is more than diocesan in character; *their* Cathedral in their Capital City.

Signed

JAMES E. FREEMAN,
Bishop of Washington



Wood Reredos in Chapel of St. Mary
Washington Cathedral

FROHMAN, ROBB & LITTLE, *Architects*
Executed by IRVING & CASSON-A. H. DAVENPORT CO.

37 NEWBURY STREET
BOSTON

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

(A D. 1212-1213)

" Ne pleurons plus.
Un jour, touché de nos voeux,
Monseigneur Dieu
Nous rendra notre Jésus."

L'hymne de la croisade.
d'après Alfred des Essarts.

The strange episode in mediaeval history known as the Children's Crusade can best be understood by viewing it against the background of the religious, social and political conditions of the times—early in the thirteenth century. It was the Age of Faith. The truths and mysteries of religion were deeply rooted in the minds of the people, influencing thought and action to a degree that seems incredible in our materialistic age.

For nearly two hundred years the exploits of the knights and warriors in the various great crusades had been retold in song and story until they became the familiar inspiration of youth in every corner of Europe. In spite of bravery and skill-at-arms, the utter failure of the flower of Christendom to rescue the Holy Places from the yoke of the infidel was at once a rebuke and a challenge to the extravagant idealism of the youth of the times. In this fertile field the seeds of a children's crusade were sown; and parents as well as children were powerless against the fiery eloquence of fanatics who claimed a supernatural sanction for this wild endeavor. Religious frenzy was easily aroused. Thousands of children in widely separated countries were swept into the movement by promises of miraculous intervention in their behalf.

Peasant children for the most part, unarmed except for hunting spears, bows and slings carried by the older boys, they confidently expected that the sea would open for them, as the Red Sea opened for the children of Israel, and that when they reached the Holy Land the Mohammedan armies would incontinently flee before them. Their naive reliance on Divine assistance is pathetically disclosed in the words of their marching song, the Hymn of the Crusade, which they sang so bravely in their march to the sea, and which echoed from the steep walls of the mountain passes where they trudged in the depth of winter.

The enterprise of these children was holy and sublime; but its means of execution did not correspond to the grandeur of the project. Heedless of danger and unprepared for hardships, they rushed headlong into the most glorious of deaths with only a blind faith in their cause to sustain them. Many, sick and exhausted, were rescued by the monasteries; many more, dying from exposure, were buried in the deep snow. More than ten thousand were thus lost on the way.

Upward of thirty thousand assembled at Marseilles and Genoa for this foolhardy expedition and, after some delay, about five thousand of them were loaded into ships to sail, as they thought, for Palestine. Two ships were lost in the storm so graphically described by poet and composer. Those on board met a death that was merciful in its sudden onset; quick and glorious compared to the fate awaiting the others who, through the connivance of debased and greedy shipowners, were sold in the slave-marts of Alexandria and Algiers and who lived out their miserable lives as galley-slaves under the blazing Egyptian sun. This was the terrible end of their great adventure.

This little known incident in history accomplished nothing and, unlike the greater crusades, added nothing to the development of western civilization. It is a classic instance of what has well been termed "superstition set in motion." The only relief from its stark tragedy is the touching picture it gives of the simple faith and high courage of the peasant children in the middle ages.

PAUL F. SPAIN.

ARGUMENT

"ABOUT that time, many children, without leader and without guidance, did fly in a religious ecstasy from our towns and from our cities, making for the lands beyond the seas. And to those who asked of them whither they were bound, they did make answer: 'To Jerusalem, in search of the Holy Land.' . . . They carried staves and satchels, and crosses were embroidered on their garments . . . and many of them came from beyond Cologne. They travelled to Genoa and did embark upon seven great vessels to cross the sea. And a storm arose and two vessels perished in the waters. . . . And to those who asked of such of the children, as were saved, the reason of their journey, these replied: 'We do not know.'" *Chronicles of* ALBERT DE STADE, *of* JACQUES DE VORAGINE, *and of* ALBERIC DES TROIS-FONTAINES.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

MUSICAL LEGEND IN FOUR PARTS

PART I. *The Forthsetting*
PART II. *The Highway*
PART III. *The Sea*
PART IV. *The Saviour in the Storm*

CHARACTERS

ALLYS—Agnes Davis	*Soprano*
ALAIN—Olive Appleton	*Soprano*
A MOTHER—Blanche Haskell	*Soprano*
THE NARRATOR—Ernest McChesney	*Tenor*
AN OLD SAILOR—Walter Kidder	*Baritone*
FOUR WOMEN—Margaret Cronin—Evelyn Houghton	*2 Sopranos*
Doris Simonds—Rosina Foti	*2 Altos*
THE VOICE FROM ON HIGH—Walter Kidder	*Bass*

Chorus of Children. Choruses of Men and Women.
Period, 1212

The first performance took place at the Concerts du Châtelet under the direction of M. Edouard Colonne, January 18, 1905

The Society has the assistance of a Chorus of Brookline School Children, trained by William B. Burbank, Director of Music in the Brookline Public Schools and accompanist of the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Burbank has been assisted by Helen C. Bailey, Gordon A. Joslin, Alice S. Morrison and Elizabeth C. Taylor, teachers of music in the Brookline Schools.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

PART I

THE FORTHSETTING

A public square in a Flemish town in 1212.

Night.

Four Women

Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

Chorus

What is this marvel that is brooding o'er the nations?
Is a miracle impending?
Through the night,
Through the shades of night,
Comes a voice,
Mysteriously yet plainly
Athwart the gloom of the darkness,
So clear,
Comes a wondrous voice from out the gloom of the darkness.

Four Women

Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

The Narrator

Through all the folk are rumours astir,
And women run about the streets
Uplifting their hands to the heavens.
Children, too, in their frenzy,
Batter the doors down,
Leave their parents' homes,
Escape from the arms of their mothers.
O Lord, is this the time appointed?
O Lord, is it a crusade that Thou commandest?

Four Women

Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

The Children

O, hear ye not the voices that call us?
Do ye not hear the pale voices?
Alain! Allys!
Do ye not hear heavenly voices?

The Narrator

Ah! dear Lord,
Dost Thou see these bands of little ones,
That answer to Thy call?

The Children

O, hear ye not through the night
The pale voices that are calling?

Chorus of Men

Dear Lord, and can it be
Thou bid'st our children seek the Cross?

Four Women

Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem,
Where Jesus waits.

Alain

O, hear ye not the voice?
Ah, where it calls, there fain would I go.
O God, I was born sightless, sightless;
O God, Thou mad'st me blind and sightless,
Never yet have I known what the light is.
Where is Jerusalem? O, dear Lord,
Lead me there, help me go.

Allys

'T is Jesus calls us,
Jerusalem shines brightly through the dark,
And I, thy little Allys,
I will find the way.
Alain, 't is Jesus calls us; let me hold thy hand.

Alain

Jerusalem is shining, gleaming through the dark.
Ah! would I might be following those voices that call us.
O Lord, be my guide, for I ne'er have known what the light is.
Jerusalem is shining, gleaming through the dark.
Then up, children all!
Up, since our knights have cast aside their armour,
Our kings no longer rule, nay, nor reign!

The Children

Then up! Jesus calls!
Up! since the knights have cast aside their armour.
No king, no, nor man,
Dare go to battle for the faith.
Then up! Jesus calls! To Jerusalem!

Allys and Alain

There in those fair gardens
We'll pluck sweet flowers,
And many a cross we'll weave
Of green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.
For, like the little swallows in autumn
That fly away homeward,
So must we seek the sun.
Let us seek the Holy City,
And Jesus!

The Children

There in those fair gardens
We'll pluck sweet flowers,
And many a cross we'll weave
Of green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.
For, like the little swallows in autumn
That fly away homeward,
So must we seek the sun,
We must go to the sun,
We all shall gather flowers,
And green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.

Bass Chorus (The Fathers)

Alas! foolish ones!
Where think ye now to fare,
When all is darkness?

The Children; Allys, Alain

Jerusalem is shining,
Gleaming through the dark.

Chorus of Men

Jerusalem lieth far away o'er the sea.

The Children; Allys, Alain

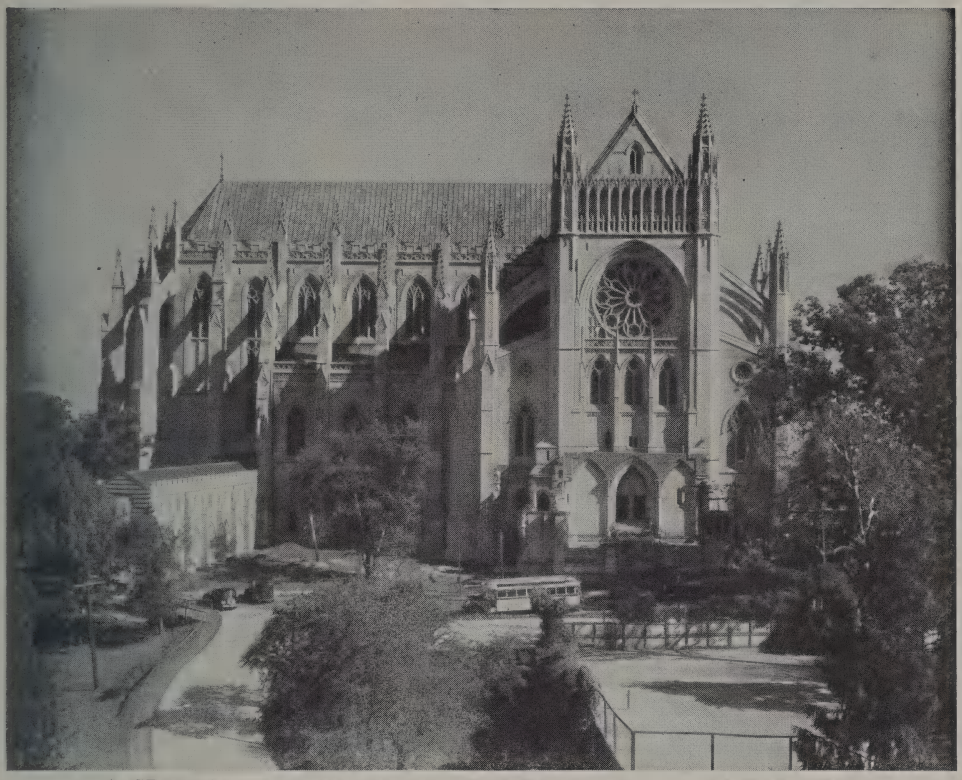
The sea will divide itself,
The sea shall become dry land,
We shall walk between its waves;
Unto Jesus we go, unto Him, unto Him!
To reconquer the Holy City!

Chorus of Men

Alas! Alas! Foolish ones! Go not!
Go not! foolish ones! Ye are mad!
Whither go ye into the darkness?

Chorus of Women

But, children, who will give you, each day,
Your daily bread?



A GENERAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH
Showing the Apse or Sanctuary, the Great Choir and North Transept, and the Meredith Howland Pyne Memorial Cloister below the buttresses of the Sanctuary.

Now being erected by

GEORGE A. FULLER COMPANY

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Alain

'T is Jesus that will give us our bread,
And we shall live even as the birds of heaven,
For Jesus will provide us with fountains of water,
And there in His gardens
Shall we gather fruits. Aye! and through the night
We'll sleep out of doors on the hay,
While the moon so friendly o'er our sleep will watch,
From up on high!

The Children; Alain

For Jesus, He will give us our bread,
And we shall live even as the birds of heaven,
And through the night
We shall sleep in the loving embrace of the moon.

Chorus of Women (The Mothers)

Children dear, go not!
But stay here with your mothers.
Ah, can you forget
What we suffered when we bore you,
And all our care since then?
Ah, can you forget
All that for you we have suffered?
Ah, no, my little child, dearest child
That I so softly used to rock to sleep
In thy cradle. Sweet my child!

Soprano Solo

And at night I used to wake,
Just to be sure thou didst breathe.
Thy body itself was once a part of mine.
Thou art my flesh and blood!
O thou my child, my child,
Leave me not behind thee here in the dark!
Thou art my very flesh and blood!
Leave me not! Leave me not!
Whom I for so long have borne in my arms.
So much I've wept,
That mine eyes are red with weeping.
Do not leave me here alone,
My child, do not go!
Dearest child that I've lulled so oft.
Leave me not! Do not go!
Ah, ye children, think of us!

Chorus of Women

I used to wake but to be sure thou didst breathe,
Wake at night to hear the sound of thy breath.
Thou thy very self wert once a part of me!
Thou art thyself a part of me,
Thy flesh my flesh,
Thy blood my blood!
Child, O my child, leave me not behind thee here in the night.
Do not leave me so! I fear to let thee go!
Thou art my flesh and blood!
Whom I for so long have borne in my arms,
Wilt thou force me to weep for ever?
So much I've wept,
That mine eyes are red with weeping.
Ah! Sweet my child, do not leave me here alone,
Leave me not behind thee here in the dark,
Dear child: remember, ah! remember,
Dearest child that I've lulled so oft.
Leave me not! Do not go!
Ah! ye children, think of us!

Four Women

Depart for Jerusalem! Set forth,
Jesus awaits!

Alain

Ah! Listen to the voice,
The pale voice from out the night.

Four Women

Set forth for Jerusalem! Depart,
For Jesus waits!

Alain

Ah! To us He is calling!

Allys and Alain

O come to Jerusalem,
That shines so brightly through the night.
There in those gardens fair
We'll pluck sweet flowers,
For Jesus.
Let us go to the sun!
We all shall gather flowers,
And green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.

The Children

He calls! Away! Away!
There in those fair gardens
We'll pluck sweet flowers,
And many a cross we'll weave
Of green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.
And, like the little swallows in autumn
That fly away homeward,
Let us go to the sun!
We all shall gather flowers,
And green leaves and red roses,
For Jesus.

Chorus (Tutti)

O children, think of us!
Do not forsake us like this!
Forsake, ah! forsake us not!
Oh! stay with us! Ah! little ones!
Oh! dear children, go not!
Jerusalem lies far away,
Far beyond the confines of Ocean!
Oh! remain! Ah me! Do not forsake us!
O do not leave us! Stay, stay with us,
Little children! Ah! go not!

Chorus

Alas! Foolish ones!
For your guide is a child, and sightless!

The Children; Allys, [Alain]

What if this world he sees not,
Jesus he can see, the Christ he sees!
The sea will divide itself,
The sea shall become dry land,
We shall walk between the waves!
Unto Jesus we go, unto Him!
To reconquer the Holy City!

Alain

What if this world I see not,
Jesus I can see, the Christ I see!

Chorus

Jerusalem lieth far away o'er the sea.
O Lord, have pity! Alas! foolish ones!
O Lord, have mercy, and keep them safe,
Pardon them, and keep them safe.
Go not, foolish ones! Mad are ye!
O God, keep them safe, pardon them,
O Lord.

Chorus of Women

O Lord, protect, O God, these innocents.

FROHMAN, ROBB & LITTLE

250 Stuart Street

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Architects for the Washington Cathedral

PART II

THE HIGHWAY

A highroad between a broad meadow bright with flowers and a strip of woods. A warm morning in spring.

The Children

Children three were we,
Who were going on our way.
And, as we went, lo!
We met with our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ.

Alain

Allys, this hand of thine I hold is all a-tremble;
Art thou not weary, my beloved?
Speak to me;
Thou, whose face I see not,
Must be as fair as are the lilies of God.

The Children

Children three, what do ye here?
Be good to us, O Saviour dear,
And let us pluck the flower, we pray,
That all Thy grief shall take away.

Allys

Hear them all singing!
They are thronging along,
They look like a swarm of bees, of white bees.
Like pilgrims they go marching on,
And staves they bear of hazelwood,
And green and leafy crosses.

The Children

And staves of hazelwood,
And green and leafy crosses.
Flowering crosses, living crosses,
Crosses green and leafy.
Be good to us, O Saviour dear.

Allys

Ah! how bright and fair this year is the spring!
Ah! how fair!
For our Lord, He is here with us now.
Here in this hawthorn so red,
Behold the Lord, and in all things;
In the hum of wings,
And in the song of the crickets.

The Children

Green crosses, white crosses, and in flower.
Creature that flyeth,
Cricket that chirpeth.
Be good to us, O Saviour dear.

Alain

Ah! how bright and fair this year is the spring!
For our Lord is in all,
In the wind blowing by,
That over my face doth fling thy golden tresses.
Oh! shall we see our blessed Lord
Clothed in holy light?

The Children

To Mount Olivet now go ye.
And pluck the flower from off its tree.
Come, help us pluck the flower, we pray,
That all Thy grief shall take away.

Green crosses, flowering crosses,
Lead us on, gladden our hearts,
Soon we shall come to the sea,
We shall see Jerusalem.
Children three were we,
Who were going on our way.
And, as we went, lo!
We met with our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ.

Be good to us, O Saviour dear,
And let us pluck the flower, we pray,
That all Thy grief shall take away.

Alain

O Lord! help me to bear this my cross,
That I am blind.

Allys and Alain

O Lord, suffer the little children to come unto Thee.

The Children

Children three were we,
Who were going on our way.

PART III

THE SEA

Shore of the Mediterranean near Genoa, in the gulf of Lyons. The silvery sand, spangled with bright sea-shells and blue-tinted starfishes, sparkles in the sunshine.

The Narrator

The sea, at last the sea,
The mighty ocean, whose soft folds of blue
Are edged above with white,
As were't a heavenly garment!
Sky so deep, alive with thy stars,
Crystal waters clear, pure and holy!
Thou receiv'st that river divine,
Where Saint John did cleanse mankind from evil.
In thee were reflected
The faces and the forms of the Apostles.
O thou cradle of blue,
That dost not ebb nor flow,
Bear thou to their Lord
These children that stray!
To the Christ!
Bear the children on o'er thy blue waters,
Show them a face ever fair of heavenly blue;
Thy voice to them the gentlest of murmurs,
And wear thou for them thy rosiest smile.
With children thou shouldst play,
Caress them with thy touch.
O thou cradle of blue, O sea,
Bear these children on to their Lord!

The Children

The sea! The sea!

The Narrator

Look! look! See these blameless ones
All singing for joy by thy borders!
O thou cradle of blue, take these children to thee!

The Children

Noel! Oh! here we are at last
At the wide blue sea! The sea!

Allys

The sea! Noel!
Here is the glorious ocean!
Noel! The sea!

The Children

Hark! the sea is moaning,
Hark! the sea is murmuring.
Jerusalem lieth there at the end of this lovely sea!
O hear how it laughs,
Hear how it is moaning.
Hark! the sea is murmuring,
Look how it laughs bright and blue!

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Allys

Noel! The sea! Noel!
Jerusalem lieth there!
Noel! Noel!
Jerusalem lieth there
At the end of this lovely sea!

The Children

The sea! Oh here we are at last,
Here's the wide blue sea!
See there the lovely sea,
'T is the wide blue sea!
Noel! Noel!
Jerusalem lieth there
At the end of this lovely sea!

Alain

Allys, I hear something great complaining,
Hear it groan, hear it weeping.
Where are we now? Oh, where are we?

Allys

Alain, rejoice, dear!
There is nothing complaining
Or groaning or that weeps,
'T is the mighty sea that chanteth for joy,
And its foaming waves
Are murmuring and cooing like doves together
And each one of its murmuring waves sings
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Each of its foamy waves is singing
And is cooing for joy! Noel!
Jerusalem lieth there o'er the lovely sea!
Hallelujah!

Alain

O, beautiful water blue!
O, let me now but dip my hands
In waves that lap on Palestine's border!

Chorus

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Allys and Alain

Blest waters, blue sea,
Baptize us thou, be kindly thou,
Be kind to thy children twain.

Chorus

Blest waters, blue sea,
Caress and baptize them,
These little children all.

The Children

Blue sea, blest waters,
Baptize us all, be kind to us,
Thy children all.

Alain

Noel! It is the glorious sea,
'T is the wide blue sea.
It is the lovely sea,
'T is the wide blue sea. Noel!

Allys

Noel! Thy foaming billows are chanting for joy, Noel!

The Children

Noel! Noel!!

The Children, Allys, Alain

Hark! the sea is moaning,
Hark! the sea is murmuring.
Jerusalem lieth there
At the end of this quiet sea!

Allys

Oh hark, hear it laugh!
Its foaming waves are chanting for joy!

Alain

Hear, hear, now 'tis murmuring,
Its foaming waves are chanting for joy!

The Children

Hear, hear it laugh!
Hear how it laughs, the bright blue ocean!

The Children; Allys, Alain

Jerusalem lieth there, Jerusalem lieth there!
Noel! Noel!

Chorus of Men (Sailors)

Ahoy! sailor-lads, ahoy!
Here are the ships that by the town are sent,
The town of Genoa!
The magistrates have ordered out these ships
For Palestine land!
Come aboard! Ahoy! Come aboard!
Many a time for a distant shore
Have we charted our courses,
Never yet have we had
Such a force of fair hair among the canvas.
'T is a flight of pretty little swallows,
A flight that's starting for the East.
Jesus, Jesus, guide Thou this passage of swallows,
Guard them, safeguard this passage of swallows,
Guide them to Thee,
Watch over Thy children.

The Children

Look, look!
See the stars here on the seashore,
See the stars there in the sea!
Look, look! See, see!
See, they're all either violets or roses,
Are the stars of the sea!

Chorus of Men (Sailors)

In curious creatures the sea doth abound,
With flowers of luminous tissues that move.
But come, children, come aboard! All aboard!

The Children

A wonder!
They're the stars of the sky
That have been drowned in the sea
A wonder! A wonder!

Chorus of Men

Come! come!

A Sailor

Nay, the stars there in the sea
Come from the Holy Land.
Lend an ear, young things,
And I'll tell you their story.
Upon that Christmas night,
When came to earth our blessed Lord,
(Lord of children is He,)
On that same night was a star created:
'T was great and blue.
Watch did it keep o'er Him in the manger;
When He walked abroad, that star followed Him,
And the star did Jesus love.
But when evil men slew Him wickedly,
And when the blood of the Christ flowed forth,
This bright blue star did turn red and lurid.
There fell from it tears of blood.
The fire that it wept dropped like rain from the sky,

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And when our Lord was dead, then died the star, as well;
And then fell the star in the sea, and there was drowned.

The Children

Noel! 'T is for Jesus that all the stars have been drowned,
And have perished in the sea!

Allys, Alain

Noel! Noel! 'T is for Jesus that all the stars have been drowned,
And have perished in the sea!

The Narrator

No, the stars, they have never perished,
But with Jesus they live above.
For see! As the twilight falls,
The sky doth turn roseate and turquoise,
And there the stars are a-shining,
All alive above us there!
'T is Jesus that doth call, ever call them to Him.
For Jesus said:
"I am the Life, the Resurrection from the dead."

Chorus of Men

Jesus said:
"I am the Life, the Resurrection from the dead."

The Narrator (with Chorus)

Behold! In the sky, there on high in the sky
The holy, glowing souls of stars are shining!

Chorus of Men

Ahoy! sailor-lads, ahoy!
Come aboard now! it is time to sail!
Board the ships sent by the town of Genoa!

(The Children embark; it grows dark.)

Chorus of Men

The evening falls o'er the sea,
And there the crescent moon rises redly,
And she sails through the sky as were't a ship of fire.
See, O see!
The wind of the evening is filling our spreading canvas.
Sail we o'er the lovely sea,
Sail away, for the wind is fair!

Allys and Alain (the Children)

Sailing, sailing o'er the peaceful sea,
Sail we to Jerusalem, sail on to the Holy Land.
Onward o'er the lovely sea,
Onward to Jerusalem o'er the quiet sea
That rocks us through the night.
Onward, sail on, sail on.

Chorus of Men

Sail we o'er the lovely sea,
Sail we o'er the deep blue sea,
Sailing to the Holy Land and to Jerusalem,
Onward o'er the lovely sea,
Onward to the Holy City,
Onward o'er the sea
That rocks us through the night.
Sail on, onward, sail on, sail on.

INTERMISSION

PART IV
THE SAVIOUR IN THE STORM

The Narrator

The night has fallen on the deep,
And the ship trembles here in the darkness!
Hear how the wind-tauten'd cordage is groaning
And complaining as in anguish!
Alas! the billows are rising,
And the ship sobs and sighs 'gainst the waters!
Whirlwinds dark fill the air,
And whirlpools fierce churn the water!

Chorus of Men (Sailors)

Whirlwinds dark fill the air,
Whirlpools fierce churn the water!

Chorus of Men (Sailors)

Ho! Stand by! stand by for the topsail!
Reef in the mainsail!
The hatch! close the hatch!
Hurry to shut the portholes!
That wave, the huge one, O 'twill fall upon us!
Hold hard the tiller, hold hard!
For that awful wave is going to fall upon us!
To brace the foremast, all hands!
Look alive! the mizzen is falling!
The tiller is gone!
Captain! Captain! Where is the captain?
The mainmast's going! Ah!

The Children (with Chorus)

De profundis libera nos, Domine.

Allys

Oh! Alain! Alain! Oh! speak to me!
Alain, I have lost thee! Oh!
Spindrift blinds me! Alain!
How dark the night is!
Alain! Alain!

The Children (with Chorus)

De profundis libera nos, Domine.

Chorus of Men

Keep a hold of the ropes all,
Hold ye fast to the handrail!
Lord, protect us now! Lord have mercy on us!
De profundis libera nos, Domine.
O Lord God, save us now, protect us now!
O Lord, save us now!

The Children

O Herbert! O Dennis! O Eleonor!
Do not leave me here!
O Bernard! O Herbert! O Eleonor!
Hold me close to thee!
De profundis libera nos, Domine.
O Lord God, save us now, protect us now!
O Lord, save us now!

Allys

Alain, I'm frightened! Oh! where art thou?
Spindrift blinds me, I can not see!
Art thou there? Alain!

Alain

Allys, hallelujah! hallelujah!
I see, I see such a radiance.
One glorious burst of brightness!
Noel! Noel! I see the Lord!

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Allys

Oh!

The Children (with Chorus)

De profundis libera nos, Domine.

Allys

Alain! Dost see the Lord?
Alain, where see'st the Lord?

Alain

Up there, on high, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Our Lord is there, in that great radiant brightness!
Noel! Noel! I see the Lord!

Chorus of Men

Hallelujah!

The Children

Noel!

The Narrator

Eyes had they, as well, yet they could not see!
This child, though blind,
Sees the Lord here in the darkness.
Happy he, though blind, that sees the Lord in His glory!

The Children (with Chorus)

We had eyes, as well, yet we could not see.
This child that's blind
Sees the Lord here in the darkness.
Happy he, though blind, that sees the Lord in His glory,
Where Jesus reigns! Hallelujah!

Alain

Allys, my beloved! let me have thy hand,
For now I am to lead thee, beloved!
See! look there, O look there into the brightness!
Ah! See, there is the Lord!
Look ye all! O look ye at the radiant brightness!
He is there, we shall go to Him.
The Christ is there,
We're going to Him, to Jesus, to God.
Then on to Him! Hallelujah!

Allys

Take thou my hand, lead thou me on
Toward the radiant brightness!
Ah! I see the Lord! Ah! I see!
I see Jesus! Oh! my brother, lead me on to Him,
He is there, we shall go to Him.
He is there, I can see, we're going to Him,
To Jesus, to God. Then on to Him!
Hallelujah!

The Children (with Chorus)

Hallelujah! Happy he, though blind,
That sees the Lord in His glory!
This child that's blind leads us on to God.
The sightless child leads us on all in the darkness.
Jesus is there, He is there, we shall go to Him.
He is there, I see Him, we shall go to Him,
To Jesus, to God. Then on to Him!
Hallelujah!

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Suffer little children to come unto me.

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Chorus of Woman (Chorus Seraphicus)

Ah! ye souls baptized anew in deepest waters,
Unto Life everlasting born again, rejoice, rejoice!
And come, ye little ones, rejoice, live again,
And be full of joy, ye little ones;
O come, O come!

Chorus (Tutti)

Hallelujah!
For all your sorrows on earth
Be turned to joy in Heaven!
All your suffering upon earth be joy in Heaven!
Hallelujah!
Eyes but lately blind on earth,
Now are open for ever.
The eyes that on earth were blind,
Now are open for ever.
Your pain and sorrow on the earth
Be changed into joy in Heaven.
Resurrection! Resurrection!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
All things that blessed are and holy
Shall end in joy.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Oh joy of joys, holy joy, joy everlasting.
All things that blessed are and holy
Shall end in joy!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The Children

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Chorus (Tutti)

Ah! celestial flowering forth of terrestrial sorrows!
So in heaven do blossom forth all terrestrial sorrows.
Flowering forth immortal of terrestrial sorrows!
Holy joy, joy of joys!
Celestial flowering forth of terrestrial sorrows
End victorious of every trouble!
Joy of joys! Holy joy,
Joy of joys, joy everlasting,
Joy of joys, Hallelujah! Joy of joys!

The Children

Joy of joys! Holy joy,
Joy of joys, joy everlasting,
Joy of joys! Hallelujah! Joy of joys!

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Ornamental Plaster

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201 BRIDGE STREET E. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.